



The Dinner



19 1 3

Chapter 1 by Madi Grove

She couldn't stop crying. I didn't know what to do. How did this even happen? Let me start from the beginning.

Chapter 2 by Eltrocomanoco



I never was a clever guy, not the funniest either or the fastest or strongest but I managed on my own pretty well, it was an "iron will" people said. I just don't know when to quit, look where that got me.

After High School and Community College I set out to make a name for myself as a journalist. Trying to "get the real scoops" and "make it big". After a while of searching I found this correspondent job in one of those big city papers. I couldn't believe my eyes; it was too good to be true. Don't misunderstand, it really was too good to be true. My job was simple, they told me, "stick to those political suits like tar on dinosaurs and get us what's really happening". That proved detrimental to my health as you can see. I followed those suits like a shadow, I payed attentions to their words in meetings and searched for the hall way whispers, the locked doors decisions until one day, just as my horrible luck would have it, I heard something. Something was about to go down in the night and I was going to be there to see it. For the love of all that is holy, why did I have to stick my nose down that rabbit hole? That night I followed a few big wigs to this backwater house down by the river and I could not believe what I saw. I tried.

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